UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese
Associate Editors

ON LEAVING MOSCOW
By Sydney Strong

GO LEFT, YOUNG MAN!
By John W. Herring

A WORLD LANGUAGE
An Editorial
By Curtis W. Reese

Other articles and reviews by Roy C. Porteous, J. T. Sunderland, John Haynes Holmes, Frederick Starr, Robert C. Schaller, W. Waldemar W. Argow

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Dr. H. C. Sarkar, of India: A Personal Tribute

The death of Dr. Sarkar is a deep personal bereavement, for I had enjoyed the great privilege and honor of his friendship for twenty years.

The Brahmo Samaj, India's fine religious reform movement, which is so closely related to Unitarianism, has among its members and representatives many widely known in India and outside. As conspicuous illustrations, I may cite such names as Tagore, the poet, Sir J. C. Bose, the eminent scientist, Dr. Bhandarkar, the orientalist scholar, famous in Europe, Ramananda Chatterjee, India's most distinguished and honored Editor, Principal Maitra, for nearly a generation head of City College, Calcutta, and others nearly or quite as distinguished. Necessarily Dr. Sarkar was less widely known than these, because his work was confined to religion and to service of the Brahmo Samaj. But I think I do no injustice to any one else if I say that he was the most widely known and honored of the recent ministers and missionaries of that religious body.

When I was in India in 1913 and 1914, he was the General Missionary or Superintending Missionary of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj, the largest of the three Samaj Branches, and he remained the same until his death.

He more than any one else planned and carried into effect the important Centenary Celebration, three years ago, of the Founding of the Brahmo Samaj by Raja Ram Mohun Roy. All three of our delegates sent by the American Unitarian Association to that Celebration returned speaking in the highest terms of his ability, his character and his devotion to the Brahmo cause. It will be remembered that at that time our Meadville Theological School conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Sarkar was an accomplished scholar, an excellent preacher and an efficient organizer. He was also an interesting, thoughtful and important writer—perhaps the most important in his generation as an advocate and propagandist of the Brahmo cause. He wrote extensively of Ram Mohun Roy and of the history, principles and work of the Samaj. Some of these writings are so valuable that they ought to be circulated widely in America and England.

I shall never forget the kindness, brotherliness, and efficiency of Dr. Sarkar as he made appointments for me all over India when I travelled there as Billings Lecturer of the American Unitarian Association. Nor shall I ever cease to be grateful to him for the invaluable assistance which he rendered to me in carrying out my commission from the International Association of Liberal Religions to organize International and Inter-religious

(*Continued on page* 351)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CX MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1933 Number 22

SARA TEASDALE

[Dead on January 29, 1933]

I

When I am dead and over me bright April
Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,
Though you should lean above me broken-hearted,
I shall not care.

I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful
When rain bends down the bough;
And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted
Than you are now.

II

Now at last I have come to see what life is,
Nothing is ever ended, everything only begun,
And the brave victories that seem so splendid
Are never really won.

Even love that I built my spirit's house for,
Comes like a brooding and a baffled guest,
And music and men's praise and even laughter
Are not so good as rest.

—Sara Teasdale.

The year 1933 marks the seventieth anniversary of the publication of the Emancipation Proclamation, which freed the Negroes of the United States in anticipation of the constitutional liberation in 1865. It is well that this occasion should be celebrated at just this time when the nation is keeping once again in grateful memory the birthday of the Great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln. And it would be well if it could be kept in such spirit of true liberty as would bring joy and not sorrow to the Illinois lawyer if, as in Vachel Lindsay's dream, he should walk again at Springfield. For the Negro in this country is not yet free! Our Communist friends argue that it was never intended that he should be free. Lincoln, these new interpreters of history according to the Marxian theory argue, liberated the slaves simply as a war measure, which happens technically to be true, and with the ultimate aim and purpose of bringing the black plantation laborers of the South into the new factories of the North for the greater glory and profit of capitalism. It seems curious to think of Lincoln as dowered with the genius to forecast all the industrial development of the land and the extensive Negro migrations of recent years, just as it is just plain ridiculous to explain historical events in general as conspiracies against the workers. Such fantastic perversions of the record need not disturb us. What we should rather ponder is the frustration of the record. For the Negro, as we have said, is not free. He shares first of all with his white brother the bondage of labor to an economic system which exploits him in time of plenty and starves him in time of dearth. In a period of vast unemployment like the present, the Negro is the first to suffer, and he suffers worst. In addition, of course, he carries the awful burden of prejudice, which has its most horrible expression in lynching, and its constant and universal irritation in discrimination. The Negro will only be free when, in all his economic, political, and social relationships, he is allowed to be a *man*. Seventy years—and he is still among the oppressed of humankind! How long, O Lord, how long?

UNITY has no foreign news service of its own in Germany; it has to depend upon the daily press. But it has its own Foreign Representatives, who are trustworthy; it has some first-hand information about Germany gathered from visits to the country, and above all, it has no interests to serve but the truth, and thus no desire to publish anything but facts. This is the explanation, perhaps, of our absolutely correct forecast, in the face of a united press opinion in this country to the contrary, that Hitler and the Nazis were certain sooner or later to capture the Reich. For months now, especially since the fall of Bruening, our newspapers have deliberately derided Hitler and pooh-poohed the amazing growth of his movement. When, in the latest election of a people tired of repeated elections, the Nazi vote fell off, our editors acclaimed with a great shout that Hitler's star was setting. When Von Schleicher established his dictatorship, our so-called democratic press rejoiced, since this meant, they said, the final squelching of the National Socialists. In denial of this attitude wholly determined by the wish being father to the thought, we have insisted in these columns upon two things. First, that Hitler is no mere demagogue, no mere oratorical tool of hidden interests, but on the contrary a man of aggressive personality, of great intellectual as well as emotional force, who moves with sure grasp of reality straight toward his objective! And secondly, that his movement is

rooted deep in the mingled passions and aspirations of the German people, and must in the end prove irresistible! Now we find our prophecies abundantly fulfilled! Every conceivable effort was made in Germany to stop Hitler and his legions. The Reichstag was disbanded again and again. Von Papen was called to power. Von Schleicher was given dictatorial authority. Von Hindenberg dickered with the little Austrian, and tried to persuade him to purchase office at the price of surrender of his purposes. But with Hitler it was all, or nothing. He knew he had but to bide his time, and the Republic was his. And now the hour has come! It has been amusing to watch the papers since January 30th last. As consistently wrong with Germany as they were years ago with Russia, they still expect the people to trust them!

Having said all this about the realities of the German situation, we now turn to the idealities. Let not our readers assume that because we have regarded Hitler and his forces as inevitable, we therefore think them as desirable. Not at all! Our sober conviction is that the assumption of the chancellorship of Germany by the National Socialist leader marks a new crisis of enormous import in the history of Europe, and darkens with deeper hues of black all the horizons of our world. There is no use in fooling ourselves upon this point. Hitler has known from the beginning just what he has wanted in Germany, and after a sustained campaign of consummate agitation, he has achieved his goal. In the same way he knows now exactly what he proposes to do with the Reich, and through the Reich with Europe; and, let there be no mistake, he will do precisely what he has in mind. Hitler is nationalistic, militaristic, imperialistic. He is anti-Semitic, anti-labor, anti-democracy. He will destroy the Republic, and with it the new Germany. He will restore the junkers, the militarists, the big industrialists, and with them the old Germany. Nothing stands between him and supreme power but old Hindenberg, who now, after long resistance, has been beaten into submission; and Hindenberg is indeed old, and must soon pass from the scene. Then will we see a new Bismarck. Nay, a mightier than Bismarck! For while Hitler is a lesser man, he will encounter in the end not even those limitations upon his power with which the Iron Chancellor had to wrestle. All of which is rather grim and ghastly! But why should we be surprised, or with what right do we complain? As a social phenomenon, Hitler is a harvest sprung from the seeds of post-war Allied policy as sown by the hand of France. The authors and enforcers of the Versailles Treaty have made him. Now let them deal with him!

President Roosevelt is making a good beginning of his administration. It is true that he has not yet climbed to the seat of power, but he is making his way up the steps of the dais with firm assurance. We like most of his anticipatory opinions and actions. Nothing could have been better, for example, than his complete squelching of the infamous sales tax, now happily dead for good and all. Equally fine, if true, is his resolve to grant recognition to Soviet Russia. The blind stupidity on this issue of three Republican administrations will now be ended by one simple stroke of enlightened wisdom. Welcome to every liberal mind was Roosevelt's announcement of his determination to use the great Muscle Shoals development for the people. For a decade and a half the power interests have been trying to capture this enormous government work for purposes of utterly selfish private exploitation. On the other side Senator Norris has battled to secure the uses of this great plant for public service. The power interests have had the support of the Presidents, Coolidge and Hoover, and thus government operation has been defeated. But Senator Norris has had the support of the people as reflected by Congress, and thus the private exploiters have been defeated. The result has been a stalemate, now happily ended by the President-elect's determination that Muscle Shoals shall lie idle no longer, but be utilized by the people in their own interest. Mention also must be made in this place of Mr. Roosevelt's action in the matter of the European debts. Here Mr. Hoover must be given his share of credit for a statesmanlike policy looking to a final settlement of this aggravating and menacing difficulty. Now if Mr. Roosevelt can complete his preliminary work by the appointment of a distinguished cabinet, he will start his epochal administration under the best of auspices.

In spite of all the world's sad woe, and all the manifold disappointments of the times, we refuse to be discouraged. Things are happening, even in these days, to cheer the soul. Thus, the marines are out of Nicaragua! They never should have been sent there; it is an outrage that they were kept there. But now they are withdrawn, and the Nicaraguans are free. So are the Filipinos! Think of it—after all these years of frustration and defeat, of broken promises and betrayed ideals, this oppressed people are at last emancipated! Of course, the motives behind the action of our Congress were the worst and not the best. The Islands have been granted liberty under conditions which are ungenerous, and which will test the stamina of the "little brown brother" to the uttermost. It is a graceless if just thing that we have done. But never mind! As Oswald Garrison Villard puts it in the *Nation*, "The Philippines are to be free. Whatever the future has in store they are to be free, and if again enslaved they will be freed again." Then, to continue our ululations of joy, the triumph of De Valera in Ireland

is enough to lift the heart above all woe. Swiftly the cause of Irish freedom sweeps on to its fulfilment. Nothing can stop Erin's complete emancipation from British rule. De Valera, long reviled as a fanatic, now takes his place as a statesman of the Cavour type. The Irish people may still have a long, hard road to travel. The price for liberty, as always, is a heavy one. But the Irish are used to paying in blood and tears, and now at last, after all these bitter centuries, they are to get what they have sought. Incidentally, this event would seem to suggest that there is sound wisdom in taking what you can get in an initial struggle for national independence, and then using this half loaf as a means of securing the whole. Ireland's settlement with Britain a dozen years ago seemed to be a surrender. But now it is being used as the way to liberty. Does this mean anything for India?

It means something, or so at least it seems to us, when the death of a sensitive and delicate poet like Sara Teasdale is featured on the front pages of our metropolitan newspapers. Of course her death was sudden and perhaps sensational, but she was not a racketeer, nor a gangster, nor a politician, nor a banker, nor a society leader, nor a divorceé, nor a millionaire. She was just a poet! And her going—not merely the manner of her going!—was deemed first-class news. Perhaps this nation is not so uncivilized, after all. For Miss Teasdale was not only a poet, but a poet of quite exceptional delicacy and refinement. Her writings were in the classic tradition of beauty—she knew nothing of the ugly eccentricities and excrescences of so-called modern verse! Love and death, nature and the inner heart, these were her themes, and she clothed them with a loveliness of expression which must give many of her pieces immortality. Her range, of course, was narrow; she had no long, deep-breasted energy to carry her to far spaces and lofty heights. She wrote few poems of any length. Her pieces are most of them simple lyrics, a few lines only. But the workmanship is flawless, the feeling often profound, and the turn of expression the essence of pure art. But it is the beauty that first attracts and then holds admiration. When have there ever been such love songs as these of Sara Teasdale? Her lines have not the smouldering passion of Byron, the soaring ecstasy of Shelley, the ineffable dignity of Mrs. Browning, nor yet the sheer lightness and entrancing fancy of Herrick. Rather are they characterized by a certain fresh spontaneity and utter simplicity, a lovely lilting of joy touched always by the sadness that is in all life, which give them their own unique distinction. These poems never excite nor awe; but they touch the heart with an exquisite if very quiet delight. This is love that is fine, delicate yet deep, and always beautiful. As the anthologies have found Miss Teasdale, so posterity will keep her.

The death of JOHN GALSWORTHY is announced as we go to press. The passing of this distinguished author marks the greatest loss to English letters since Thomas Hardy was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. An accomplished poet and essayist, a great playwright, a greater novelist, his "Forsyte Saga" is the one authentic masterpiece of this generation. In person a knightly gentleman, his figure graced his age. We shall pay tribute to Galsworthy more at length in a later issue.

A World Language

The object of language from the most primitive dialect to the most classical tongue is the communication of thought and feeling. Group life would be impossible without a common means of communication. The expansion of group life into world life is likewise impossible without a common means of communication. Now that transportation and the radio are bringing the nations of the world into closer and closer association, that continental unions and international leagues are bringing great increase of common interests, that science is furnishing a world method, and that the well being of man is becoming a world standard of evaluation—there is pressing need for a world language to which the present tongues would be merely auxiliary.

World consciousness is growing apace, and the desirability of a world language is becoming more and more evident. Trade, travel, education, and diplomacy demand it. The real question is whether we should construct a language or universalize an existing one. Various languages have aspired to larger usage and have spread far beyond their natural boundaries. Cases in point are the Phoenician of the early days of Mediterranean commerce; the Greek of Alexander's Empire; the Latin of the classic Roman period; the French of international diplomacy; and the English of the British Empire.

As universal languages, Phoenician, Greek and Latin have passed away. And France has admitted the equality of English in diplomatic circles. Of the national tongues, English alone can now even hope to become a world language, and it meets insuperable difficulties. English, like any other national tongue, is not only unnecessarily complex and illogical, but must face the stubborn opposition of all other national tongues. Structurally, English cannot establish such superiority as to warrant its universalization. The psychological impossibility of foisting any national tongue upon the rest of the world, the structural arguments against

existing national languages, and the long-recognized need for a world language have resulted in many attempts to build a world means of communication.

The various constructed languages have likewise failed to command world recognition. In the main, they have each sprung from the brain of a single person and have possessed the faults and virtues of their parentage.

The philosopher Leibnitz developed a language under the name of Pasigraphil. Faignet of the French Encyclopedic group gave much attention to the fundamental principles of a world language. One ambitious attempt called the Blue language had twelve volumes of grammar. There have been many other similar efforts but the best known of them is Esperanto, invented by a Russian physician, Zamenhoff. Esperanto appealed to scholars in many countries and numerous converts were made. Believers in Esperanto have held conventions and developed a literature. The battle, however, is still between those who advocate the universalization of some existing national language and those who advocate a scientifically constructed language.

For our own part, we are convinced not only that a world language is necessary but also that a world language should be constructed scientifically.

National tongues are so tied up with the old nationalistic aspirations and prejudices that no one of them is adequate for the expression of the international mind. Moreover, they possess the faults that belong to any unplanned growth. We need a language which, as Professor Edward Sapir says, is "logically defensible at every point and which tends to correspond to the rigorous spirit of modern science." Such a language should express accurately the modern temper, and gather to itself the richness of world thought and world feeling and world patriotism.

How is this desired end to be brought about? Obviously the first step is to create a Commission composed of the most authoritative linguists from all nations, and to finance them for a period of years. The members of this Commission should be chosen by the experts in their own field, but the will to do the job should be regarded as equal in importance with linguistic ability.

It is important that all national groups be adequately represented so they will feel that they have been a part of the movement from the beginning. This would reduce jealousy to the minimum. When the work of the Commission is completed, the report should then take the form of an international treaty. This treaty, signed by the duly accredited representatives of the nations, should make the new language the official international language and agree to make it a required study in the schools. Five years for construction, ten years of required study in the schools, and the basis of a world means of communication would be established. With the passing of years, with the growth of world sentiment, with the development of a world literature, the new language would become organic to mankind.

CURTIS W. REESE.

Jottings

Every now and then we find ourselves wondering as to whether the citizens of this country elected Mr. or Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt to the presidency.

The most popular book published in this country since 1895, according to research statistics, is "Quo Vadis." The most popular book before this date, we imagine, was "Ben Hur." And, before that, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." What, if anything, can be inferred from these facts?

The President of the United States Rubber Company declares that there are 29,000,000 automobile tires in use in this country which are unsafe and should be immediately replaced. This man evidently wants some business!

A new film has been invented for taking pictures in the dark. This film ought to have a great market these days.

The story of the man who wished that his wife, long ill, "would get well—or somethin'," illumines the growing state of the public mind on this depression problem. We are all getting desperate in the sense that we wish there would be a change either toward recovery or ———!

Technocracy may be a great and wonderful idea. But its one accomplishment to date is the publication of the cheapest, shallowest, shoddiest line of books and pamphlets that we have ever seen in our life.

J. H. H.

Thunder-Storm at Dawn

In sad, profound and melancholy wonder,
I see how patient are the unemployed;
But patience fails at last, with hope destroyed.
The dawn I see, but hear the sound of thunder!

CHARLES G. GIRELIUS

On Leaving Moscow

[From Our Special Correspondent]

Before returning to Geneva this week I give a few impressions of Moscow. Having been here several times I will not refer to the "sights" generally noticed by the initial visitor.

In the first place, I have missed the "beautiful snow" and sleighs, which seem to have been liquidated by the street-cleaner. I have noticed that my letters have been brought each day by a woman "postman"—rather fitting it seems since from ancient days women have been communication-conveyors. I have noticed too that the post-boxes indicate ten collections daily. This is another world-record to chalk up!

I have attended five entertainments—"Bread," "Fear," Resurrection," "Hamlet," and a vaudeville consisting of acrobats, bands, rope-walk, trick-cycling, burlesque, ballet—and will testify that I have never seen better acting in any part of the world. The houses were all filled, tickets being taken days in advance. The staging is simple, the acting natural, getting close to reality.

The audience interested me the most. They were young people with unspoiled faces. Few painted lips except on the stage. They were dressed simply without display. It was a "white collar" crowd, but with little enviable dressing. Wraps were checked, with no gratuities expected. There is an independence and atmosphere of ownership in the people that was startlingly American, born of the "Spirit of the West."

If you want to get an idea of Soviet progress, first read, as I did, a 100-page Bulletin by Sidney Brooks of the American Relief Administration, written in 1923, on "The Russian Railroad in the National Crisis." Judged by any standard, the progress since then is marvelous. The Soviets clearly took a broken-down country and alone, in the midst of foes, built up by sheer muscle, brain and soul power what makes them to be numbered among the great Powers of the earth industrially, agriculturally, culturally, socially, politically.

I have visited Lenin's Tomb several times. I have been there at early morning, at noon, in the evening and at midnight, when the full moon was shining brighter than the spot-lights flooding the Red Square. It is an impressive memorial and shrine, at the heart of the Soviet Republic. I confess that tombs have never appealed to me, since from my youth I have seen tombs in Egypt, Palestine, Constantinople, Berlin, London, Paris, Washington, Tokyo. They have in the past always attracted "pilgrims" and pilgrims tend to become idolators, and idolatry is akin to superstition. Moscow must guard against this human error. If I had my way about the two soldiers who stand on eternal guard at the door of the Tomb, I would have one of them smiling—symbol of hope and the future. This smile might spread over into the streets of the city. The streets of Moscow would be more attractive if the people smiled more, the same being true of London and New York. Any people who have little to smile over would better take an inventory.

I have visited the Anti-Religion Museum. Any intelligent person can understand and appreciate the terrific reaction in Russia against the Church, which represented religion, and can sympathize with the effort to root out the Church with its religion. If I were a 100 per cent Bolshevik, however, I would think that the attack upon religion as carried on is often unintelligent and indiscriminate, and may easily become actually counter-revolutionary. For example, this Museum would not startle, or be objectionable to, hundreds of thousands of religious people in America. Yale University or Union Seminary would be glad to show a duplicate of it to their students and the public, for there were evolutionists before 1917. This kind of attack on religion is regarded as foolish by many friends of the Soviets throughout the world; and this kind of attack becomes an excuse for rallying forces in all lands for the foes of the Soviet Union. It may therefore be held that such attacks on religion may in effect prove to be counter-revolutionary. At least, this is worth serious thought. The Soviets are at their best when sticking to *construction*. Let me say that the simple change in the Calendar has done more to destroy the Church than anti-religion pamphlets and museums.

I spent a profitable afternoon at the Childrens' Receiving Home, Moscow. It is certainly well managed, in spite of meager equipment. I am willing to say that in the treatment of wayward children, the technique is unsurpassed. I was impressed with the atmosphere of freedom from fear, with no display of over-awing authority. I saw several children "received." On arriving all are put through a physical and mental examination and a hot bath. This followed by a quiz by a committee—in this case, two women. All were seated around a little table, where there was perfect cordiality and freedom. In fact, one boy suggested that his case be taken up and not delayed by any side-talk of the committee. The children who come are either sent to a Children's Home, with work, school, etc., or are sent back home—in each case effort being made to recover the children to play their part as citizens in the Socialist Republic. The Soviets will doubtless teach the world much in child-recovery and education.

What about "recognition" of the U. S. S. R. by the U. S. A.? To an old-time American the attitude of the U. S. A. is intolerable and inexplicable. This I have proclaimed for ten years or more. International decency, if no more, demands recognition. Perhaps, some mutual "enemy" nation has been working to keep the two apart. It is even a greater loss to the U. S. A. than to the U. S. S. R. No two people could help each other more than these—each sweeping over thousands of miles of continents—one Westward, the other Eastward—one following the vision of democracy, the other the vision of socialism—each offering to the other much that the other needs. Neither can throw stones at the other, or put on "superior airs." As an American I recall our Revolution, our Civil War and slavery, our lynching, our prize-fighting, our struggle with civic corruption, our denial of civil liberty—all these and much more I recall, and while I am glad to be an American, I know that our achievements do not put us in position to display a "superior" complex. Both these great peoples have already been helpful to each other, and they will be increasingly so in the years to come—if only they come into friendly relations. I consider that it would be difficult to make a greater con-

tribution to mankind than to engage in interpreting these great peoples—the U. S. S. R. and the U. S. A.—each to the other. The Soviets in striving for a classless society are producing what will be of the utmost value to the American people. On the other hand, the presence of many hundreds of Americans—for example, engineers highly skilled in mechanical technique—are a sign of what Americans can contribute to the swiftly changing and conquering life of the U. S. S. R. "Recognition?" Of course, and much more.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Moscow, Russia.

Go Left, Young Man!

Now that all the speeches are said, all the shouting over, the election past, it is possible to consider our economic responsibilities from more than a campaign angle. We can think now of some of the minor currents revealed in the last few months. Among these is the steady turning of the college youth toward liberalism or toward radicalism. The boys of Columbia College voted for Norman Thomas for president. It is probable that this meant not only a response to the man but a reaching out of youth toward what seem new and more hopeful ways of dealing with our economic order. Youth is not so much liberal, socialist or communist, as it is turning away from the old solutions, looking for a new solution of our economic difficulties.

Young America once turned westward at Horace Greeley's bluff command. It can go west no more. The old west of clear frontiers is gone. There are no more physical lands to conquer. So youth at last stands stock still and looks about him.

What does he see? A nation, breathless from its swift conquest, stricken suddenly by an unparalleled economic reversal? A blind giant led by the blind? Does he see more? Beyond the troubled present does he see new frontiers which courage and brain alone can cross? Frontiers of a new politics, a new world order? Does he see adventure ahead in the realm of the mind beside which the old adventure pales?

This new "West" is not to be found by the compass but by the pioneering mind. The barrier that halts the timid is not the desert and mountain range but the armored and embattled orthodox. For this new west is to the "left," and the old order is organized with bitter zeal to hold men back. Yet the sheer logic of our times yields an imperious command—"go left, young man."

The youth is looking at an America today in which old gods have been dethroned, and new gods, set up by those in power, are failing fast.

The most venerable of American gods, naive democracy, has failed in that it put a responsibility upon the people they could not bear. It called upon the common man to control by democratic means a profoundly undemocratic and complex economic and political order. The common man has failed. Naive democracy has become a fiction, jealously preserved by bosses and others in power because it has come to serve their purposes better than frank dictatorship ever could.

Another of the ancients, the god of luck or laissez-faire, is failing fast. Rugged individualism is its modern name. It too has become more fiction than fact, although it is clear that laissez-faire did give us a business age without rules in which a kind of precarious balance was achieved. An age in which men's energies, however wasteful and cruel, were given play. Ironically the beneficiaries of free play, the entrepreneurs, capitalists, industrialists were its worst enemies. It was they who built tariffs, monopolies, who fixed prices, formed destructive tax systems, insane credit-debt structures, until their so-called rugged individualism has become a bald and obvious jest. Laissez-faire is at best a limping deity. Its friends and the turn of the times have been too much for it. The frontiers and their ample elbow room that gave it value are gone. It cannot be re-enthroned.

What then, says youth? Shall we accept the more recently offered trinity (self-offered, we should note) of Great Engineer, Financial Magnate, and Big Business? The trinity that talks of "plans," benevolent dictatorships and the like? This trinity has its popular following, for many hope that here is a promise of order, and believe that any kind of recovery is better than chaos.

But youth with a clearer eye towards the left will have none of it. His reason is simple. The Great Engineer, the Big Business Man, the Capitalist are obedient to no philosophy save profit. They juggle their gods to suit the hour. They speak of rugged individualism and in the same breath they order heavier shackles placed on economic liberty. They talk of saving the country but they make this contingent on profits. They talk of distribution, but their object is to bolster fortunes. Youth is coming to see that economic fascism is a way deeper in, not out. He begins to perceive that the time has come when no material economy will work unless it is first a human economy. He can have, finally, no faith that a human economy can be built by men whose first concern is a large profit system and whose concession to the average man's standard of living will be cruelly, and eventually disastrously limited by what the powerful judge to be the bare minimum necessary to maintain a market for their produce.

Many presuppose that seekers after individual fortunes *can* plan, *can* exert a judicious, if selfish, control. But this is precisely the point of their most disastrous failure in the past. Nor can young America expect much better of them in the future. The practical difficulty with economic fascism is that it defeats itself.

Thus young America surveys three deities: naive democracy, laissez-faire, economic fascism. More and more as national hardship clears his mind, he finds them wanting. And he turns left.

What lies on this left? What is the shape, the color, the method, the scheme of the new worlds sought? No one of course knows, save the spokesmen for Utopias, and they do not agree. The shrewdest characterization that can be given this new "West" is that it is the compelling adventure before our times. To "go left" is for mounting numbers the inescapable choice. For the old order is cracking beneath us. It is written that America moves on.

Yet part of the way can be seen, and there is emerging gradually a vague consensus of thought among a certain group. A group most accurately described perhaps as made up of those who move experi-

mentally toward the left—inquiring rather than dogmatic radicals.

We venture the following description of this consensus:

I.

A Simplified Job

The experimental radical proposes that we intensify rather than discard democracy. To accomplish this he believes that the country must solve a nice problem of human engineering. That problem is to simplify the steering gear to suit the ordinary capacity. Obviously our present governmental mechanism fails to meet this requirement. It is hung with archaic impediments such as the electoral college, an impossible check and balance—cross and double cross system, and too long a ballot, which reduce the voter to hopeless confusion. "What's the use?" he shrugs and votes far below his own intelligence. Psychological tests tell us that the average intelligence is much lower than our political ideals have postulated. But more important than lack of intelligence, are the sheer ignorance and confusion of intelligent and unintelligent people alike. The indirect consequence of our archaic system is worse than the results at the polls. It destroys public interest between elections—an interest which, if vital, may exert fully as much influence as the ballot itself. "Whom the bosses would ignore, they first confuse" might well be lettered on the inner rooms where politics are made. That profound psychologist, the successful politician, knows what the framers of our system did not, that the average human brain can concentrate with reasonable intelligence on one or two candidates and a corresponding number of issues only. He knows that on a long ballot, he can elect the devil himself as treasurer provided the public eye can be concentrated on some popular name at the head of the ticket. The political maze is the boss' delight. He fears, as the political radical hopes, that the people would express themselves intelligently through simple instruments.

More important than simplified instruments is a simple program. As a rule when a country moves from error towards truth or from wrong towards right, it moves from confusion towards simplicity. Despite the jargon of bankers, tariff framers, and R. F .C. "Statesmen," very simple and very ancient principles still hold true. Such as: men should receive a fair share of the wealth they produce; and—if the producer wishes to sell his goods, he must be willing to buy virtually as much in dollars as he sells, be it labor bought direct, or goods produced by labor. Nor does it matter whether we speak of internal or foreign trade. The principle holds. These are matters that the people can understand. These should be the substance of political education and the backbone of our economic-political philosophy. These should be the bases for the commitment of elected officers.

Beyond the bare skeleton of principles which are within the reach of the understanding, virtually of a whole people, there are other axioms which should be clear to a great section of an economically literate people, which could be, as in Russia, made into a dramatized popular economics. The Republican and Democratic parties are less remarkable for their tricks and chicanery, than for their astonishing blindness to these basic axioms.

Among these economic A. B. C.'s consider the following:

Underconsumption and idle factories require that a nation spend, not save. Obvious, yet consider the old guard ranting about "economy," and the practice of cutting wages faster than prices fall.

America cannot combine the following practices: (1) to be owed great sums by the rest of the world; (2) to erect high walls against imports; (3) to export heavily; (4) to refuse to lend other nations any more money to buy our goods and pay us interest due. As long as we continued to lend huge sums up to 1929 to other countries to buy our goods and pay interest to us, or as long as other countries had gold to ship us to offset their unfavorable trade balance, we could continue a course headed towards eventual catastrophe. Now we have the catastrophe. A school boy could see this but not the G. O. P. nor the bankers and industrialists. They termed the late balloon flight, "the New Economic Era." The balloon exploded and here we are. And there they are, around the table of the R. F. C. and elsewhere, trying to patch up the identical balloon for another flight.

When a people have through war and crazy inflation and far, far too much saving for loaning to new factories, loaded themselves with an internal debt now virtually equal to the entire national wealth (est. debt $194,500,000,000—*est. wealth in shrunken values* $200,000,000,000) *the only sane measure is deflation of the real debt total by devaluation of the gold standard, or by controlled currency inflation.* Neither old party recognizes this except by vaguest references.

When 2% of the people, in a crisis of underconsumption, own 70% of the nation's wealth, and strive to make their return the first exaction on national income, the first step towards recovery should be the redistribution of income to the mass of consumers through tax paid relief, non-productive but socially useful public works, and the relief of the debtor class.

When a nation can produce enough to feed, clothe, and provide luxuries in unprecedented abundance for all its people, the supreme economic aim of that nation should be to get these good things into the people's hands. This, by no stretch of the imagination has ever been the supreme aim of the rulers of the old parties. Were this axiom merely moral or social, the consequences of ignoring it would not be so serious. It is because it is also a fundamental economic axiom that we have all come to grief. By putting profits and fortune building first, those in power have gotten everybody into a common jam.

Let us add one political axiom:

When two old parties have proved themselves profoundly incapable, at every point, for as many years back as this generation can remember, to adapt themselves to changing economic problems, and thus to serve the common good, surgery is called for, not homeopathy. A new American party is overdue, founded to meet the overpowering need of our people for a new instrument, adapted to a new day.

II.

The Government in Business

As implied throughout in (1) the experimental radical believes that the government must undertake an extended control of the national economy. He holds that *business in government* has been a chief source of

the present disaster—that the *government in business* is the *sine qua non* of ultimate prosperity.

Business over government has given us the tariff, a nefarious tax system, bought politics, and a costly favoritism. The experimental radical would put *government over business,* believing that this is the only possible answer to the passing of laissez-faire that offers hope to the masses.

The less radical argue that this should be done step by step, beginning with increased public works and extending to railroads, banking, power, mines, oil, etc. They believe that a long start can be made in getting wealth more healthily and equitably distributed by shifting the entire burden of taxation to (1) the shoulders of the landlord collecting rent from the users of land sites whose entire value has been contributed by society, (2) incomes swollen beyond possibility of healthy spending, (3) inheritances. Not one penny of taxes so levied could be added to the cost of living, or taken from the pockets of those in the lower economic brackets. The total of income for government use from these sources would care with ease for a greatly expanded program of service to the common life through schools, public works, parks, public health, etc.

The less radical argue that the values in our individualistic system must be and can be conserved. They would extend this to cover certain "expediencies" in the present system, for so long as they remain obviously expedient. They believe that the means, the motives used, the technical problems present in the task of building a new national economy are secondary. The present economy, lost in its mechanisms, loses sight of purposes. The new economy, keeping its prime purposes in sight, will not become lost in its mechanisms.

Take for example the old, old wrangle about "spurs" to effort. The experimental radical does not necessarily believe in eliminating the profit or gain motive. He questions the realism of those idealists who believe that "group gain" is a sufficient motive standing alone to furnish the needed driving force behind production, invention and research in any near future. He does believe that the gain motive should be tamed and made the servant of the national economy rather than suffered to remain as its tyrant. The experience of Russia, which has on occasion and under strong control used the spur of several wage levels, and even permitted private enterprises operating for profit, is a most telling example of the practicality of supplementing the spur of "group gain" by that of personal gain. The world will watch with interest to see whether Russia will suffer the gain motive to grow too strong for control, or whether on the other hand, she will be able to build an enduring economy from which the need to employ the gain motive will gradually disappear.

This, according to the Old Guard, is "subversive" doctrine, which in their characteristically careless vocabulary means they do not like it. Moreover they call it revolutionary. But surely, here they are right. And why not? When interrelated political and economic systems approach collapse at the present dismaying speed, they should be revolutionized. And we hope, without blood. The theory at least of American democratic procedure warrants that hope. The genius of real democracy lies in its power not to resist change, but to facilitate the making of even revolutionary changes, peaceably and in order. If democracy is to be abandoned in the face of its crucial testing let the die hards do the abandoning. There is a profounder patriotism and a deeper loyalty to the fundamental institution of democracy than their blatant "Americanism" knows of.

III.

An Urgent Job

The experimental radical believes that to forge a new political economic instrument is the most urgent responsibility of our time. It is a triple job: program building, the acquisition of power, and the exercise of power. The building of program and the consolidation of forces has advanced farther perhaps than any of us realize. Scattered though the forces of protest are, the times are forcing them towards a common focus. A partial business recovery would prune the tender shoots of the new growth; a full recovery to the dubious prosperity of 1929 would sheer it to the stock. But even among the conservatives only rare optimistic predict that full recovery without benefit of miracles. We are due in all probability for chronic, large-scale unemployment and under-consumption in the face of plenty. And that, the American people will not endure. 1936 will in all probability be a more radical year than 1932. The American people are placid when fed. They are merely mystified when they are first unfed. But they are not by nature placid nor mystified if they continue hungry. Nor let anyone forget that despite our national pride in orderliness and peace, we are not a gentle people. If changes lag too far behind the pressure of the times, strange scenes may be witnessed before another ten years have rolled by.

The focussing of protesting forces on a new program may come rapidly, and with it the acquisition of power. The health of the nation depends upon an informed and steady progress culminating in a clear mandate of the majority for decisive change. That change will demand a convention for the revision of the constitution to permit the making of new machinery and the initiation of new controls.

The experimental radical sees in all this the stiffest contest and the promise of the most satisfying human order that have beckoned any generation in the history of the American people. The command "go left" is to the young American an invitation to daring adventure. But he will not go alone. Multitudes have taken the trail. Nations are moving left. If young America goes left—America will presently follow.

JOHN W. HERRING.

Quebec's Avenue Des Braves

Quebec has built no victors' arch
To roof the unborn soldiers' march;
Canadian France avoided stone
For perpetuating flesh and bone.
Here mothers flaunt no stars of gold;
Bereft and prematurely old
Each one whose child was a pawn to greed,
Who gave his life for cannon-feed,
Has, kneeling, rooted here a rose
And most luxuriantly there grows
The plant that's watered well with tears
Accumulated through the years
For all the mother's sons who killed
Because a king or general willed.

MARGARET LATHROP LAW.

Twilight at Harpers Ferry*

When John Brown lay in chains, he was visited by a man who came dressed in gray. A remarkable feature of this stranger was that when the light fell on the exposed parts of his head and hands, it showed his flesh to be so bloodless as to seem transparent; the channels of his veins could be seen under the pale skin which, sinking between the hollows formed by the bones, caused furrows and depressions in which shadows gathered. He entered the cell noiselessly, and stood silent near the door.

John Brown lay on a cot, quietly thinking. Presently he became aware of the presence of the stranger, and sat up.

"Well, sir, who are you, and what is your business with me?" the chained man asked.

"I am Doubt," the other answered. "I have arrived to accompany you on your last journey."

"Doubt? Why should I be visited by Doubt?"

"It is in the nature of things that all wilful men make my acquaintance before the end," replied the stranger. "I have sat with Luther, Savonarola, Jesus, and many others equally great but whose names are unknown."

"I do not wish to know with whom you have been —you shall not sit with me!" In his anger John Brown rose from the cot and attempted to move forward, only to find himself held fast by chains. "All my life I have refused to listen to you: do you think that I shall open my ears to your sickly words now—after I have spilt the blood of men? . . . Man or phantom, whichever you are, go away! go away!"

But the pale voice crept on: "John Brown, you have sinned, and deeply. You have disobeyed one of your Master's commandments: 'Thou shalt not kill.' . . You have acted violently when you should have exercised patience, trusting your fellowmen *slowly to right* a wrong. . . You have been vain, John Brown, vain, vain. How dare you presume to be the sole judge of good and evil? What would befall this earth if each man were to decide for himself which commandment to break and which to obey?"

The prisoner sat still. Slowly he bent his head. "I acted as my conscience prompted, as each man must," he muttered.

Then the gray one gave flight to big black thoughts which swooped down upon the chained man's courage. "Know, John Brown, that with the match of your violence you have lighted at this spot a fire which will flame over the whole of these United States. In trying to quench the blaze, father will murder son, and brother shall soak in brother's blood. . . Then men and women, suddenly left seedless and suddenly aged, will feel their veins glow crimson when the name of John Brown is spoken."

The voice paused, leaving the big black wings curved over every emerging hope.

"If all you say be true," the prisoner breathed, voiceless, "then it were better I had died ere this." Stifled he sat in the overshadowed room, gazing out of the small window high in the wall into the mocking blue beyond.

But suddenly he leaped to his feet and, facing the other, shouted in a defiant voice: "Get out, Doubt, get out of here!—for I am not guilty: only those are guilty who tolerate what they know to be evil! . . I have been impatient, but goodwill without sufficient will is impotent! . . If I have been vain, then I was vain for all mankind: when man proves ready to suffer for man the whole world gains!"

At the sound of that defiant voice, Doubt withdrew. But as he slid from the room he maliciously left the door slightly ajar, and to the ears of the chained man came the sound of a woman slowly sobbing.

All light left the sky as the sun sank beyond Harper's Ferry. Through the barred window the chill mists of evening blew. The silence was grated upon by the crunch of heavy boots on gravel as the night watch was stationed.

The guard outside the door walked softly by, then peered in, curious to know why John Brown sat soundless in the gloom.

ROY C. PORTEOUS.

*This impressive parable is of timely interest in connection with the publication of Mr. Erlich's sensational book, "God's Angry Man."—Editor.

Immanent God

Oh, unknown God to whom I pray,
Whose altar is the human mind,
Whose secret laws I must obey;
Without Thy vision I am blind.

Thy secret laws I must obey
More than carved words on Sinai shown;
More fixed in history are they
Than on the Hamurabi stone.

Thy will sweeps man's remotest shore,
Thy wisdom thunders down the sky,
Thy love forever racks the core
Of that strange substance that is I.

Thou seest the world but through my eyes,
Thou liv'st with me, ev'n though in hell;
Thou yearn'st with me unto the skies
Yet help'st me build a prison cell.

Then must we live at enmity,
Or is our spirit ever one—
The coeternal mystery
Since the first day thought was begun?

Inherent Self to whom I pray—
The Thou in me, the I in Thee—
As I grope ignorant on my way
Oh, let me know Thy Deity!

CHARLOTTE BLAKE LORING.

To Richard Wagner

[February 13, 1933]

We were the Niebelungs. With greed we crossed
Each barrier to our scintillating goal,
While the brilliance of our tinsel soul
Eclipsed the light of stars. At length we lost
Our Magic Ring, but could not lose its dross.
The curse for wealth and power took its toll,—
Impoverished and dejected, now, the whole
Of mankind sees Valhalla's holocaust.

You are the Evening Star, you seem to glow
More brilliantly because our world is dark.
We turn to listen to your tones, and lo,
What magic! Gliding up your flickering rays,
We've lost ourselves in your effulgent haze
Of harmonies, and rekindled our soul's spark!

RUTH JACOBY.

The Study Table

East and West

When Dr. Kohn's "History of Nationalism in the East" was published in this country two years ago, it made a profound impression. The book revealed a mind of vast knowledge, profound insight, and universal human sympathies focussed upon a problem all too little understood in this part of the world and suddenly become central in human affairs. Though beautifully written and ably translated, the "History" was too truly a masterpiece of erudition to gain wide reading among a people to whom the East still seems remote. But by scholars it was immediately recognized and accepted as a work of the first rank in its field.

Now comes, as a sort of sequel to the first, a second book* of narrower range and more contemporary interest, but of quite equal importance. This book deals with the Arab world which occupies the area between the Nile and the Euphrates, and includes such regions as Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, Trans-Jordania, and Arabia proper. It surveys particularly the post-war developments of these countries along political, economic, and social lines, and shows how the Near East is gradually but surely moving into a position of conspicuous importance in international affairs. The awakening of a great people is taking the form of an intensely self-conscious nationalism, accompanied by a renaissance of Islamic faith and culture, which may eventually produce a new and untried civilization. At present, of course, the people are primitive and their social customs and institutions medieval. "There, is, indeed, little to distinguish these people culturally," says Dr. Kohn, "from the masses of the Balkan countries before their emancipation." But the forces of liberation are everywhere at work, and "when political, national aims are achieved, the energies of the moment" will turn to higher things.

It is in the political field that something like a crisis presses today in these countries of the Hither East. For they are all the scene of fierce conflict between the new nationalism which possesses the Arab mind and the still dominating power of European imperialism. "At the present day," writes Dr. Kohn, "Arab nationalism is struggling for liberation and self-expression, for the opportunity to re-enter history as an active factor." Against this movement of self-determination "European imperialism is struggling to retain its predominance, to prolong its rule over alien peoples, conscious of its cultural mission and its superior creative potency." It is the old story of awakening populations seeking to throw off the yoke of subjection, and gain their freedom. "In the present phase of the battle, Arab and Egyptian nationalism, in spite of its inferior cultural creative energy, is the more progressive political force." But the author hastens to point out that this force is aimed in the wrong direction, and is thus following an old road to ruin. "Its ideal," he writes, "is the national state, such as Europe has evolved. But just as that ideal has failed in Europe, so it will fail in the east. World economic organization and world politics are driving us towards a planned union of the largest possible areas, in fact, of the whole earth."

In a procession of chapters, written in the form of historical narrative with appropriate comment, Dr. Kohn develops this line of thought in the case of Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, and other areas. Of these, the one of largest interest to Americans is undoubtedly Palestine, "the little country which has as yet attracted the attention of mankind more than any other," and today "makes an impassioned appeal to our feelings and sympathies." On the whole, the situation in the Holy Land looks to him to be very dark, "one of the most tragic and pathetic spectacles of our time." It is different from other critical situations in the Near East in the fact that here you have not a single nationalism seeking release from western imperialism, but "two movements . . . . . both inspired by national ideals, both the outcome of love for the same soil," and each, therefore, bitterly hostile to the other. Zionists and Arabs, in other words, are struggling against one another for "self-preservation and self-development," and over them both is the mandate power of Britain. Dr. Kohn seems to have little confidence in British policy. He sees one more illustration of the old imperialist wisdom of "divide and rule." Interested in "securing a firm foothold in Palestine," the Empire is pretty sure, he thinks, to play off one group against the other, hoping thereby "to meet the wishes of both sides and yet obstruct both," of course in its own interest. What is the solution of the problem, Dr. Kohn does not say. Perhaps he does not know!

The need of unity between East and West is obvious, for if we are to survive at all in this age it must be as a single world. "The wide gulf which separated East and West only a few years ago," says Dr. Kohn, "no longer exists. Countries and peoples are merging more and more in a common destiny. . . . . There is no mistaking the historical tendencies and streams of consciousness driving steadily towards unity." Even the critical struggle between nationalism and imperialism in this eastern area is not wholly divisive, for it is "part of a world-wide process." Yet ignorance, arrogance, and prejudice are all too prevalent in our western attitude toward the Orient, and these must be removed before real understanding and cooperation can be achieved. What a Westerner, long resident in the Hither East, can do to this end is eloquently attested by this noble volume.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Nationalism and Imperialism in the Hither East," by Hans Kohn. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Company. $4.00.

American Indians

The latest number in the Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology is Margaret Mead's "The Changing Culture of an Indian Tribe."[1] It is the immediate result of a field study. The tribe in question is a Plains tribe, which she calls "the Antlers" in order to avoid offending susceptibilities. It has already been adequately studied and described by previous workers from the ethnographic point of view and these earlier studies furnish background for comparison. Several conditions were necessary for the study—

The tribe must still preserve its group integrity, so that it could be studied as a community; contact must have been sufficiently prolonged so that English could be used in the investigation; it was desirable to have some good autographic data on the

1. "The Changing Culture of an Indian Tribe." Margaret Mead. New York: 1932. Columbia University Press. 8 vo. pp. xiv. 318. Price $4.50.

aboriginal condition of the tribe in question; the group had to be large enough to present variety and perspective and small enough so that the total situation could be envisaged and analyzed.

The author's treatment falls under three heads—General Background, The Indian Woman: Her Place in This Changing Culture, Tabular and Diagrammatic Treatment of Raw Materials. Under the first of these a brief sketch of the past and a description of the reservation are given, after which is a detailed statement of present conditions—economic, political, social, religious and educational. Under the second the degree to which woman partakes in the culture, the organization of the household, and maladjustment (used in a narrow and definite sense) as an index of conflict are considered. In the third part the raw materials concerning household, marital conditions, etc., are tabulated and analyzed. This last part is for careful study, rather than for mere reading. Nowhere does Miss Mead present summaries or conclusions. We may however hint at her results by two brief extracts.

The present religious status of the Antlers, reveals, *as does every other aspect of their culture,* the result of loss, deterioration of the old and inadequate understanding and assimilation of the new.

We have underlined words in this quotation, because the statement holds for each and every aspect studied. The first contact with the white man, simple and natural, not infrequently led to a momentary advantage. But when the whites surround and engulf, the contact ceases to be of advantage: disintegration and deterioration set in. So far as religion is concerned, Miss Mead says:

A discussion of the religious condition falls under three heads: the aboriginal religious ideas which survive; the Christianity which they received some twenty-five years ago; and the Peyote cult which represents most closely the present-day religious faith of the majority of the people.

It is a strange and little helpful hodge-podge. As regards woman, our author says:

There is a further paradox of the Indian woman's position today. Although her participation in the aboriginal culture was slight, although she played a more generic, a less cultured part than did the male, today she is far more conservative than her husband.

Near the close of her discussion Miss Mead makes an analogy. "A coherent primitive culture may be likened to a dwelling house, within the protecting walls of which generations are born, live to old age and die." (It has been constructed piecemeal, modified, remodeled.) "Compare now the state of a house being wrecked. The house wrecker is guided by no consideration of use, . . . before the house is completley leveled to the ground, (it) has no coherence, no relation to anything."

There is no dearth of stories which claim to be told by the Indians themselves. Some have the ring of true metal; others have the dull clang of a leaden alloy; some stir our sympathies; most leave us cold. We believe that "Flaming Arrow's People"[2] is the real story of a real Indian, James Paytiamo. He says:

My birthplace, this village of Acoma, is the oldest continuously inhabited city in the United States. Long before Columbus discovered America, my ancestors were living on this high rock, in houses built of rock, and those same houses are standing and are in use today. And I was born on the first floor of a house which had come down in my mother's family and the two top stories had fallen away, and the first floor was made over into a good house again.

Of all the Keres pueblos Acoma is the most beautiful for situation, the most impressive for construction. All who know it love it. Charles Lummis was at his best, when it was his theme. In Paytiamo's little book we have the daily life of Acoma painted in simple, bold strokes. The birth ceremonies, the child sports, the food and cooking, the deer hunt, the piñon nut gathering, these and other episodes are told with unusual charm and simplicity. The illustrations are the work of the author and reproduce ceremonial objects and symbolism in color. "Flaming Arrow's People" is a satisfying book.

An interesting piece of work is *Bibliographical Contribution No. 23* of the Department of Agriculture. It lists and classifies what has been written about "The Agriculture of the American Indian."[3] Of course everyone knows that corn, tobacco and the potato are American contributions to the world's agriculture and that all three were cultivated by the Indian and taken over by the white man. The list is however much longer. Just to name a few—beans, pumpkin, squash, sweet potato were known and cultivated by American aborigines. It is claimed that four-sevenths of the volume of our own agricultural production is of materials truly American and aboriginally cultivated. In this bibliography 419 titles are listed. It is not a mere list—a brief statement is given of the content of each item and if it is illustrated, information is given regarding the illustrations. The material is presented under two headings—"Agriculture of the American Indians" and "Uncultivated Plants Used by American Indians." Under the former we have: general historical references, agriculture of particular regions and tribes, specific crops, miscellaneous. Under the latter are: food and industrial plants, medicinal plants. To show that the field has been fairly developed, we may state that there are seven items relative to Aztec agriculture, fifty-one treat of corn (maize) and nine of the wild rice of the Great Lakes region. There is an excellent general introduction which fills seven closely typed pages. The work is of value to every serious student of American Indian life and culture.

FREDERICK STARR.

The American Union

Depression America, taking stock of itself, is presented by Mr. James Truslow Adams in this book* with a most precise ledger wherein the beginnings, rise, and growth of this tremendous trading corporation are recorded in terse, incisive prose; and its complex accounts are audited with a profound impersonality. But to grasp fully this impressive panorama of figures or the method whereby they are tabulated, makes demand upon its readers, onerous indeed, for an appalling depth of historical understanding. In brief, not a book for week-end recreation; but one which must, in the terrible triteness of Lord Bacon, "be chewed, swallowed, and digested."

With a march of periods suggestive of Gibbon, with a philosophical insight reminiscent of Parrington, Mr. Adams relates the rise of democracy in America

2. "Flaming Arrow's People." James Paytiamo. New York: 1932. Duffield and Green. 16 mo. pp. 188. Price $2.50.

3. "Agriculture of the American Indian." Everett E. Edwards. Washington: 1932. Department of Agriculture. Type-Mimeograph. Large 8 vo. pp. 89.

*"The March of Democracy: the Rise of the Union," by James Truslow Adams. Scribner, 1932.

from its first inception on colonial soil in 1619 down to its trial by combat in 1861. So detached is the manner that the verdict of the auditor on all he records is not at once apparent—but it is there, for Americans to discover and ponder on: no more than the briefest sketch of an outline can be attempted here.

Swiftly and deftly the colonial system is blocked out; and from a barren wilderness the famous thirteen original colonies take tangible shape, debited with decimating the aborigines, credited with a fine flowering of industry, politics, and the arts—almost immediately overshadowed by the Armageddon between England and France for supremacy in North America. That conflict over—and our puny part in it duly debited—colonial history resolves into an intermittent struggle between royal governors endeavoring to assert royal power, and industrious colonists endeavoring to hinder it—the common denominator of American self-consciousness meanwhile evolving from the elemental factors of greater security, less English emigration, and continual self government. An adept addition to this equation of a colorful social scene (marked by an ominous central cleavage); and provincial pre-revolutionary America is complete.

This diverse sum failing to fit into the British mercantile accounts (due to certain unaccountable shortages in such items as molasses, tea, etc.), a revolution becomes in order—during the aftermath of which, the books of the Confederacy failing to balance either, a closer corporate form is required: and the Federal Constitution is created. After a brief first government by preferred stockholders with Washington and Adams at their head, some imprudent set of ventures in the form of restrictive legislation provokes the ire of the common stockholders; and these, selecting Jefferson as their first director, proceed (undeterred by further inglorious speculations in Canada and Mexico) to rule the corporation down to 1860, when a new annoying sectional factor dissolves their directorate. To save the firm, the preferred stockholders again take control, under Abraham Lincoln—and at this point unfortunately Mr. Adams' ledger ends.

However, there is every prospect of its shortly being continued in such form as will correct our accounts to date: for the present it may be remarked that this ledger, unlike most others, is packed with action, color, humor; and its balances, unobtrusive in utterance, profound in implication, will richly repay careful study by the present stockholders of the corporation.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

The Sex Question

Here is a book* that every clergyman, physician and social worker ought to own. On its 119 pages is contained such information, such suggestions that will help them in meeting many of the estranged, tangled conditions they face as personal advisers.

For sheer frankness on the matter of sex in married life the book has few equals. There is not a trace of false modesty on a single page. It speaks openly of those matters that have from time immemorial been whispered in hushed tones. Moreover, there is not a single evidence of vulgarity in it, except as the unvarnished truth is vulgar. Written by a woman physician, it possesses that delicate insight and understanding which is the peculiar charm of a woman's soul.

In simple and understandable language the author tells how to avoid that deadly monotony, that blasted romance which is bound to overtake a married couple after the glamour of the early years of married life. Its one theme is to teach husbands and wives the art of how to remain sweethearts and lovers throughout life. Every clergyman and physician knows of the many love-blasted homes there are, due to sex ignorance and sex maladjustment. Moreover, they know too how difficult a matter it is to deal with this subject in the "confessional." Such a book as this is therefore a most valuable "handbook" in dealing with such cases.

In the six chapters, entitled, "Marriage: a Sexual Relation," "The Nature of the Sex Act," "The Sex Organs of Men and Women," "Details of Structure and Adjustment," "The Perfect Sex Act" and "Other Practical Issues," is given detailed information about the ways in which physical intimacies of married life may be happily fulfilled. For those who feel this all-important subject is too sacred to be either written or talked about the book is to no purpose. While for those of us who have long since felt that here is a matter of the utmost importance, the book is a veritable gift of the gods!

W. WALDEMAR ARGOW.

*"The Sex Factor in Marriage," by Dr. Helena Wright. Published by the Vanguard Press, New York. $2.00.

Correspondence

Conditions in India

Editor of UNITY:

The Round-Table conference, so-called, has adjourned, and an effort is made to show that an important step has been taken toward home rule for India. This is wholly misleading. Home rule has in fact been postponed indefinitely.

The British governor of each province has been made a czar. He can suspend the "constitution" whenever he chooses. What would Magna Charta itself have been worth to England, if the king and any of his great appointive officers had been able to suspend it at pleasure?

For an indefinite number of years to come, the British viceroy is to remain as he is now, an absolute dictator. He can not only veto any legislation that he does not want; he can put through, "by certification," any legislation that he does want, even if all the elected representatives of the people are opposed to it. Both in the provincial legislatures and in the central legislature the Indians are merely to be allowed to play at self-government, provided they play at it in a way satisfactory to their British rulers, as a mouse is allowed to run a little way, under the paw of the cat.

In referring to the large "over-riding powers" given to British officials, the Indians at the Round Table conference were told that the British officials would not use those powers "foolishly." This was cool, to put it mildly. For many months past, those powers have been used both foolishly and brutally, under the extreme repressive ordinances promulgated by Lord Willingdon, which authorize the British government to seize property without compensation, to inflict collective punishments on whole regions for the offenses of individuals, to punish with six months at hard labor anyone advising people to buy Indian-made goods in preference to British, and providing for the trial of political offenders before special tribunals from which all the safeguards are removed that have generally been thought necessary to insure the accused a fair trial.

It was lately stated that these ordinances were to be repealed. This, too, is wholly misleading. The governors

of the various provinces have been forcing through the provincial legislatures bills to make the worst features of the ordinances part of the permanent law.

The police beat up nonviolent demonstrators with the utmost violence, and the government is holding a multitude of peaceful home rulers in jail. All this, of course, has intensified bitterness of feeling. Rabindranath Tagore's secretary lately wrote to Horace Alexander:

"Good will between the English and Indians seems to be completely shattered. Apart from all moral considerations, purely from the British business point of view, this is wholly regrettable, as their trade with us seems now to be permanently and irretrievably injured. As the people in the bazaars say now 'They cannot make us buy Pear's soap at the point of a bayonet.' Among the prisoners are the finest men from our universities and public life—men whose moral integrity has not been questioned even by the prosecuting officers. Deaths by illness, suicide, shooting in the cells, have happened in jails and in under-trial camps, and are still happening, while cases of insanity multiply rapidly."

Boston, Massachusetts.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Cheering News from Old England

Editor of UNITY:

Herewith is quoted portion of a letter from John Paul, editor *Land and Liberty*, 94 Petty France, S. W. 1, London, England. The Henry George commemoration dinner was the most successful in 20 years (held Nov. 17-32). He says: "It was a first-class answer to some pessimists, who in their own gentle way, asked me if I thought anyone would be present in times like these? But that is an incident which I guess you are not unfamiliar with on your side." Speaking of the presidential election in America he says: "You say you have done your part of the 'clearance,' when are you to hear of our success? Well, you ought to be able to answer that question. You got your chance because your Constitution determined that you should have it. By law we cannot get ours for three or four years. . . All I can assure you of is, that if we had our chance today this crowd of grafters in power would be retired as strenuously as you have effected the change.

"But though we cannot move out to the hustings at this time we Single Taxers are still in a stronger position than you are. You have no political background such as we possess. Our question is in politics and has a proud place as well in the Municipal life in the country [about 100 cities and large towns have petitioned for local adoption]. When you can pass an act in your Congress such as Snowden passed last year you will have an altogether different setting for your voice and vote."

The spirit of pride manifested in their hard-won position in the face of a gigantic opposition is justifiable! They are clearing the way to a better understanding of the principles that must be incorporated in our body politic if we are to continue in the path of a higher evolution. Those of us who have friendly criticism or substantial help to offer should write them at once

—Winifred B. Cossette,
The Fairhope Courier.

New Humanist Movement in Berkeley, Cal.

Editor of UNITY:

Perhaps you will print this information which will interest readers who have followed events of recent years in the Berkeley Unitarian Church. The *Christian Register* mentions the fact of my resignation and states that I am to be the leader of the new movement. I aim to tell the story objectively.

Humanistic preaching in Berkeley during the past four or five years has resulted, as is common, in the withdrawal of part of the old membership and their replacement by others. The question of the continuance of my ministry came to a vote a year ago, giving me a majority of about two to one. While the closeness of the vote was regretted, it seemed worth while to continue under difficulties for the sake of giving the community a type of message not given by other, merely liberal, churches. It is claimed that humanism was not the major issue but simply "the need of a change"; but the significant fact is that those who welcomed theological and social radicalism, almost without exception, felt no need of a change, while the anxieties about the success of the church and the limitations of the minister were felt (and occasioned) mainly by theological and social conservatives.

The first result of our persistence in the church was an encouraging improvement in attendance; but unfortunately the minority included some large contributors, whose withdrawal of support embarrassed us financially to the point where at last a majority of the trustees admitted defeat and declared that at present the church cannot maintain a regular minister.

Believing that financial power ought not to control everything in this world, and urged by eager supporters, I embarked on New Year's Day on the adventure of forming a new society, meeting in the auditorium of the Berkeley Women's City Club. While in essence a Humanist Society, for the sake of inclusiveness it is to be called *The Free Fellowship*, "a society for the cultivation of a philosophy of life in harmony with modern thought." An encouraging fact at the outset was the interest shown by many who had been repelled by the name "church." What began as a reckless venture bids fair to justify itself in meeting a real need. One would fain see the Unitarian church meeting that need (which is its proper function). But if that body, at least in some places, is bound to its idols, one is glad to discover that a religion for today need not be confined by the limitations of historic institutions.

ELDRED C. VANDERLAAN.

Berkeley, California

UNITY in Moscow

Editor of UNITY:

Hearty greetings! Saw some copies of UNITY in the Moscow *News*. It goes everywhere! Not big, but mighty!

SIDNEY STRONG.

Moscow, Russia

The Field

(*Continued from page* 338)

Congresses in India. Thanks largely to him, we succeeded in making most satisfactory plans for four such Congresses (in Calcutta in the East, Bombay in the West, Madras in the South and Lahore in the North) with the most eminent leaders of all the religious faiths of the country pledged to active and sympathetic cooperation. Unfortunately, however, the Great War broke out and made the holding of the Congresses impossible. Long Dr. Sarkar refused to give up hope. For two years he kept together the Committees which had been appointed to manage the different Congresses, determined, if peace came, still to carry out the plans formed. But the war was so prolonged and devastating that at last he was compelled to yield. To his great disappointment and regret, the projected Congresses were never held.

Up almost to the end of Dr. Sarkar's life our correspondence continued. In his last two or three letters, he told me of his failing health, and of his great sorrow that his active service to the cause which he loved had to be less and less.

Now it has ended. But his strong and fine influence will not cease. Long his name will be spoken with love and honor, in the same bright list with Ram Mohun Roy, Debendranath Tagore (father of the Poet), Keshub Chunder Sen, Mozoomdar, Sivinath Sastri, Ananda Mohun Bose, Principal Maitra, and so many others.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Today

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity
At night will return.

Behold it afore time
No eye ever did:
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

—Thomas Carlyle.

"Cosmic Atheism and Social Theism"

Mr. William H. Seed, member of the Chicago Bar, is prepared to deliver, free of charge, his lecture entitled "Cosmic Atheism and Social Theism." Mr. Seed deals with the effect of scientific progress on preconceived religious convictions, develops a new non-supernatural religious viewpoint therefrom, and applies it to current problems, both individual and social. Address 100 N. La Salle St., Chicago.

The Plow and Pruning-Hook

As the first decade anniversary of the Universal Peace Union approached, which happily occurred upon the opening of the International Exposition of the United States of America, during Centennial Year, and singularly too, upon the anniversary of the Treaty of Washington which led to the Geneva Arbitration, propositions were made that military men be invited to surrender their swords for conversion into useful implements. Thomas Atkinson, a farmer in Indiana, promptly offered ten dollars for the first sword so presented. The first response came from Col. A. Greusel, of Iowa, who had carried his sword through the Mexican war, and in the war for the preservation of the Union. He, like almost every soldier, felt attached to his sword, and had desired to transmit it to his children; nevertheless, he presented it to the President of the Universal Peace Union, with the word that he was converted to the principles of Peace. It was received in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, where the first Continental Congress had met about one hundred years previously, and where the declaration of war with Great Britain had been made.

The time, place, and circumstances, were significant and opportune. The Universal Peace Union presented a Declaration of Peace, which was unanimously adopted by a large audience. Upon the reception of the sword, Thomas Atkinson offered five dollars for the first pruning-hook manufactured from it. Clayton B. Rogers, of Philadelphia, promptly had the pruning-hook made, and the next day it was placed upon the platform. At this moment Col. David B. Franklin, of Pennsylvania, came forward and said he had carried his sword during the Rebellion, but believing in the principles of Peace, he would present it to the Society. Other swords were offered, and among them one was accepted from Edwin H. Coates, who had received it from the widow of an officer of the Union army, who did not wish to see it longer, as her husband had lost his life in the war. From these swords Clayton B. Rogers made the plow and the pruning-hooks. The plow represents a patent of 1874 for making furrows close or wide. It was photographed by Broadbent & Philiphs, and when Capt. Badger, of the "Constitution," heard its history, he said it should go to Paris "even if he had to take it in his own cabin." As no space had been obtained in the Exposition Building there, the "Constitution" sailed without this exhibit, but through the kindness of George W. Childs and the U. S. Commissioner-General, Robert H. McCormick, it was taken by the U. S. Ship "Portsmouth." After the Exposition closed, the plow and pruning-hook was presented to Geneva, Switzerland, to be deposited in the same hall of the Hotel de Ville where the immortal Tribunal of Arbitration met, and which had just before been occupied by the Society for the Succour of the Wounded.

Geneva, Switzerland.

Hasidism

Hasidic literature abounds in beautiful utterances containing wisdom for the healing of the spirit. My researches into Hasidism are proving more stimulating than any scholarly undertaking for a long time. I have accumulated hundreds of Hasidic tales of ethical content which I am seeking to draw into my printed sermons, and to prepare for publication in book form. I give herewith a quotation from the writings of the Alexandrover Rav which Jews troubled in spirit may take to heart:

"1. Sadness is not a sin, but no sin hardens the heart so much as sadness.

"2. A Jew who is not always full of joy because he is a Jew, is ungrateful to the Lord.

"3. One who looks into his inner self whether he is a proper Hasid, is guilty of pride. All he needs to know is if he is a proper Jew.

"4. Sadness is the worst quality in a man. It is the attribute of an incurable egotist. He is always thinking: 'Something should rightfully come to me; something is wrongfully lacking to me.' Whether in relation to substance or spirit, it is always 'I.'

"5. There is only a hair's breadth between sadness and bitterness, and bitterness leads to heartbreak.

"6. To the one obsessed by sadness, his very body feels heavy to carry around. He cannot abide himself; he cannot abide the other Jew.

"7. The most delicate dissatisfaction with himself is associated in a man's life with sadness, but the most complete joy is born out of holiness."

—*Louis I. Newman.*

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